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THE DESTRUCTIVE TORPEDO

Has Been Known in This Country Since the Revolution.

One of the earliest mentions of the use of torpedoes in this country was the attempt to blow up the Eagle, a sixty-four-gun ship, commanded by Lord Howe, lying in New York Harbor. This attempt proved a failure because the operator in his attempt to attach the screw forming a part of the torpedo to the hull of the ship encountered what he supposed was a bar of iron, which prevented the entrance of the screw, and as daylight appeared before he could regain the shore he cast off the powder magazine, which in an hour's time exploded, throwing up a vast column of water, to the great alarm of those on board the ship, who were entirely ignorant of the cause. This crude machine was called the "American turtle," from the supposed resemblance to that animal.

The inventor made two upper tortoise shells, which were placed together, and were large enough to contain the operator and sufficient air to last him about half a hour. He used an air pump to propel the machine through the water. Sufficient lead ballast was used to keep the machine upright, and means provided to admit water so as to descend at will. There were also two brass force-pumps to eject the water when the operator wished to ascend.

To the after part of the machine was attached a powder magazine large enough to hold 150 pounds of gunpowder, together with the apparatus necessary to fire it. The magazine was fastened to the vessel that was to be destroyed by a screw, and a gunlock, connected with the clockwork, was set to strike fire at such time as was desired.

WHITEHEAD TORPEDO.

able. The same inventor later on filled kegs with gunpowder and arranged his mechanism so that the powder would be ignited when the kegs came in contact with anything in their course. A number of these kegs were set adrift in the Delaware and exploded among the ice, creating great consternation among the British seamen, who stood for hours firing at everything that floated down the stream. This fight was nick-named the "Battle of the Kegs."

Various improvements were made in these engines of war, but they were all more or less crude. During the civil war they played an important part in the defense of harbors and rivers, and suggested the possibility of a very efficient weapon of offense and defense. Years of study and experiment and the expenditure of thousands of dollars have resulted in the perfected torpedo of to-day, containing in its slim, shining body more wondrous mechanism and resource than seemed possible to the uninitiated. A miniature battleship in itself, with magazines and a silent little gunner, who only fires at the right moment; a pilot, who gets his instructions before starting on his voyage and conducts his ship by the course laid out; an engineer force that works silently and effectively, with never a thought of the danger to be encountered, all working in unison for one common cause, none human, but all the result of man's ingenuity.

When one stands on one of the lower decks of the modern man-of-war and sees this beautiful war engine resting on its cradles, its long, shining, cigar-shaped body appeals to the imagination; but when one has a knowledge of the stored-up energy within the steel-clad body it seems as if the age of miracles had returned.

Le Sergent De Mer Francais.

The Haiphong mail has brought news of a hitherto unknown species of ocean monster which has been seen on several occasions by the officers of the gunboat *Avalanche* in *Fai-tai-long* Bay. Naval Lieut. Lagresille, commander of the *Avalanche*, reports that on July last in *Along Bay* two animals of strange form, about twenty yards long and two or three yards in circumference, were observed at a distance of 600 metres. Their movements were not rigid, but undulatory, in a vertical sense. They dived when a shot was fired at them. Several similar creatures were seen on Feb. 25 this year, and were fired at when from 300 to 400 yards distant. Two small shells burst on one of the monsters, but did not appear to injure it. Lieut. Lagresille tried to run them down, but they were too swift for the *Avalanche*. Whenever the animal he chased got into shallow water it doubled back and thus was clearly seen. Each time it dived it blew noisily. The color was gray, with several black fins, the head something like that of a seal, and the back covered with a sawlike ridge. The presence of these creatures is revealed by their loud breathing. Lieut. Lagresille thought once that he had secured a specimen, but the animal dived and came up far astern of the *Avalanche*. The number of meetings reported with these new denizens of the deep would tend to show that the species is fairly plentiful in the seas where the *Avalanche* was stationed.

A French Way to Cure Baldness.

A French surgeon announces a novel cure for baldness, which, however, is only within the reach of the wealthy. The first thing is to find some poor starving wretch with a fine head of hair of the color which the patient desires. The former having consented to part with his hair for a stipulated sum, the doctor scalps the pair delicately and applies the hairy scalp of the subject to the bald client and vice versa.

INCONSISTENT.

"I believe," shouted the orator, "in a broader humanity."

"Then why," asked the woman with the natural bangs, "why do you take anti-fat?"

UNFORTUNATE.

"So your realistic drama has been taken off the road?"

"Yes, it was difficult to get a real wheel-follower to make the real bread with."

It is a wise plan never to run after your tail when it is wagging in the street. You only make a spectacle of yourself and some one else is sure to pick it up for you.

THE "BOTTLE" OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

The illustration makes plain the reason for the phrase, "bottled up in Santiago harbor." The entrance to the harbor is very narrow. In places it is only 300 feet wide in times of peace. On a war footing, with mines in position, the passage for vessels is reduced to about 100 feet in width.

CUSHING'S BIG FEAT.

HE COMMANDED THE FIRST TORPEDO BOAT IN WAR.

Daniel George, the Sole Survivor of the Famous Expedition That Sunk the Confederate Ironclad *Albemarle*, Lives at Hampstead, N. H.

Between the two villages of Hampstead, N. H., twelve miles north of the city of Haverhill, Mass., resides Daniel George, the sole survivor of the famous expedition of Lieut. Cushing, which sunk the rebel ram *Albemarle* near the close of the American civil war.

Cushing himself was only 21 years old when he undertook this adventure, and he possessed all the fire and agility of youth. Every mother's son of his twelve followers had tact as well as daring in his make-up.

The party started in a diminutive launch, such as was carried as a tender by the smaller gunboats of the navy.

Extending from her bow was a spar and on the end of the spar was fixed a torpedo of common gunpowder, the outfit arranged so as to be lowered when desired. This converted the launch into the first steam torpedo boat known to the world. The torpedo was to be fired by a lanyard.

The night was black as Egypt, yet with this advantage the path of the little steamer was beset with difficulties. The *Albemarle* lay eight miles up the River Roanoke, whose channel is crooked as a ram's horn, with an average width of not more than 200 yards. Despite their fancied security the Confederates, in view of the importance of the big ironclad to their cause, had taken every precaution to protect her from just such an attack as Cushing and his comrades were making. Bonfires were kept burning along the shore, and two companies of infantry were bivouacked on the wharf to which the rebel battleship was moored, while her crew vigilantly kept a double watch.

Notwithstanding the Confederate pickets on either bank the little torpedo boat felt her way along, past the wreck of the sunken *Southfield*, up the tortuous channel of the Roanoke, guarded by lines of rebel batteries, and was not molested until hailed by the marine sentries on board the *Albemarle*.

This was a signal for the cutter to make a dash for her huge antagonist. There was a big alarm on the deck of the ram and on shore, and it was a real alarm, too. To those in the assailing boat the air seemed filled with bullets, yet the little steamer paused not. Under a full head of steam she dashed against the boom of logs, which, in place of the more modern netting, protected the Southern fighting machine.

At this moment the launch received a charge of cannister from one of the howitzers on the main deck of the ram. She heeded it not. The boom of logs was pushed in by the impact of the charge of the launch. Then came the critical moment; the spar torpedo was lowered.

At this moment one of the ports of the *Albemarle* opened and a heavy pivot gun protruded. The torpedo of the assailing craft exploded with a roar with which was blended the sharp thunder of the pivot gun. The launch was shattered into kindlings and the members of her crew—killed, wounded and battered—were left in the hostile water.

The damage to the ironclad was not so great as those who planned her destruction hoped. The torpedo, owing to the restraining influence of the boom of logs, did not lie snug to the ship when it exploded. But the explosion opened a seam below the vessel's water line. A panic seized her crew and her guards, and what might have been accomplished had her pumps been manned promptly was left undone. Everybody deserted, the ship sank, and no effort was ever made to raise her.

But the crew of the launch had no such easy time as those ashore. Cast into the river directly under the enemy's fire, they were in desperate straits. As many as were able to swim went to the middle of the stream, and then they separated, every man for himself. Among those able to swim were Lieut. Cushing and Seaman George from New Hampshire. The survivors made their way to the shores on either side at various places, and, although in the enemy's country, most of them finally managed to reach the ships of the fleet and there tell of the success of the object for which they were sent.

Lieut. Cushing survived his great triumph only a few years, but his intrepidity won him a place among the bravest men of naval history.

Woodpeckers Eat Poles.

Readhead woodpeckers have de-

stroyed, turning two fairs, a Carload of the poles which support the wires of the Kansas City and Independence electric line. The busy little birds bore into the poles and scoop out a cavity, where they lay their eggs and raise their young. In this way the poles are weakened so that they break under the weight of the wires.

The wood of the poles is the soft white cedar, and is easily penetrated by the sharp bills of the woodpeckers. The supports for the wires last usually ten years, but now there are many that must be replaced at once at a cost of about \$15 apiece. Last year scores of the redheaded pests were shot by employees of the electric railway company.—Kansas City Star.

If you want to indulge in the latest frivolity, have your handkerchief embroidered with flowers to match the blossoms in your hat.

Quaker Jail for College Students.

At the ancient and famous University of Heidelberg a jail is maintained specially for the benefit of students. For all minor crimes and misdemeanors they are tried and imprisoned not by the civil authorities, but by the university.

The Heidelberg Carcer, or university prison, has been occupied by the most famous men of Germany. While there they always decorate the walls with their names and in other ways, so that their stay in jail may be permanently remembered.

Every reader of Mark Twain will recall his entertaining description of the place, and how he contrived to visit it, even unwittingly enlisting as his guide a "Herr Professor." His pretext was to see a young friend who had conveniently arranged the day to suit Mark—for the German student-convict goes to prison on the first suitable day after conviction and sentence. If Thursday is not convenient he tells the officer sent to hale him to jail that he will come on Friday or Saturday or Sunday, as the case may be. The officer never doubts his word, and it is never broken.

The prison is up three flights of stairs, and is approached by a passage as richly decorated with the art work of convicts as the cell itself. That apartment is not roomy, but bigger than an ordinary prison cell. It has an iron-grated window, a small stove, two wooden chairs, two old oak tables, and a narrow wooden bedstead. The furniture is profusely ornamented with carving, the work of languishing captives, who have placed on record their names, armorial bearings, their crimes and the dates of their imprisonment, together with quaint warnings and denunciations. Walls and ceilings are covered with portraits and legends executed in colored chalk and in soot, the prison candle forming a handy pencil.

The prisoner must supply his own bedding and is subject to various charges. On entering he pays about 20 cents, and on leaving a similar sum. Every day in prison costs 12 cents; fire and light, 12 cents extra. The jailer supplies coffee for a trifle. Meals may be ordered from outside. Every prisoner leaves his *carte de visite*, which is fixed, with a multitude of others, on the door of the cell.

Academic criminal procedure in Heidelberg is curious. If the city police apprehend a student, the captive shows his matriculation card. He is then asked for his address and set free, but will hear more of the matter, for the civil authority reports him to the university. In Heidelberg the University Court try and pass sentence, the civil power taking no further concern with the offence. The trial is very often conducted in the prisoner's absence, and he may have forgotten all about his little outbreak, until the university constable appears to conduct him to prison.

Ivory Eyes a Pledge of Love.

Paris, which is always doing something extraordinary, has devised the ivory eye as a love token. The emblem of the engagement ring as a pledge of the union of hearts is sinking into oblivion in the exchange of eyes. The engagement eye must be an exact reproduction of the individual eye. Every model must give his or her artist at least three sittings to get the right shade and the perfect expression. Then the lover carries his sweetheart's eye around with him as a watchful guard against evil.

How It Struck Him.

The Miller—What did your husband think of that thirty-dollar hat I made for you last week?

Mrs. Heighly—Oh, he just raved over it—when I told him the price.

The pincushion, for accurate superannated and retired from active service, is again out in force, and much larger than life. Many of the new cushions are almost the size of the top of the dressing table, and as ornate as fancy can day and fingers execute.